A Character of a *TURN-COAT*: Or, The True Picture of an *ENGLISH MONSTER*.

IF Kings are Gods, as Scripture ſay the be,
Durſt Men diſſemble with their Majeſty?
Flatter their preſent Reigns, but after Death,
Rail at their Government till out o' Breath?
Addreſs their Sovereigns when 'tis their Intent
To drive them to perpetual Baniſhment?
Or what is worſe, inexorable Fate,
Behead their Monarch at his Palace-Gate!
So CHARLES the Firſt a Royal Victim fell,
To the Fanatick Inſtruments of H——ll;
Betray'd by thoſe falſe mercenary Fiends,
Who ſwore eternally to be his Friends.
His Eldeſt Son to Crowns and Scepters born,
Alive the People Lov'd; but Dead, their Scorn:
Aſpers'd his Royal Aſhes with Diſgrace,
And ſtrove who moſt ſhould ſhew a JANUS's Face.
Altho' he ſacrify'd his Reign to Peace,
And in his Royalty did never ceaſe,
To conſecrate with Happineſs his Realm,
So much, that he with Bliſs did guide the Helm
Of this moſt factious, diſcontented Iſle,
On which (but that we're thankleſs) Joy would ſmile,
Always to that ſuperlative Degree,
As would by Force compel Poſterity,
To praiſe thoſe Priſtine Ages which did joyn,
In ſuch a Glorious, and as Brave Deſign:
Which ever on their Iſſue ſhould unite,
To Engliſh Subjects Liberty and Right.
Yet what Reflections, that are baſe, are caſt,
Upon our Happineſs, which quickly paſt
With his Diſſolution from this earthly Reign,
That he a Crown of Glory might obtain.

No ſooner did his Brother mount the Throne,
But all his Title to the ſame did own;
Allegiance to his Diadem they ſwore,
And ſeem'd his Sacred Perſon to adore:
Which outward Loyalty incited ſome
To ſtart the formal Plagues of Chriſtendom:
Paſſive Obedience ſome dull Levites teach,
And Non-reſiſtance in the Pulpit Preach;
Whilſt they themſelves the Doctrine did diſown,
As ſoon as JAMES for ORANGE left the Crown.
Poor Sovereign! tho' it was his wretched Fate
To truſt his Sceptre, till it was too late,
To Jeſuits, and all that bloody Crew,
Who think it is not ſinful to imbrew
Their Daggers in the reeking Gore of thoſe
Who their erroneous Tenets durſt oppoſe.
Yet more Reſpect our Scriblers ought to pay
To any that once bore Imperial Sway,
And by the Errors which miſled a Crown,
Endeavour to repent, and mend their own.
So when Bleſt MARY and Great WILLIAM came,
By wiſe Convention to enjoy the ſame,
For our Deliverance from Popery,
We daily now let Satyr at 'em fly:
And tho' we've now the beſt of Queens, a * Rogue
Or two, among the factious Tribe in Vogue,
Pretend to praiſe Her, when it's all their Aim
To blaſt Her Trophies, Piety, and Fame.
Nay, let who's will to Royalty ſucceed,
From Two-fac'd Monſters we ſhall ne'er be freed;
Who are ſuch flatt'ring Sycophants of State,
The'll bow and cringe to that ſame Thing they hate.

* John Tutchin, and Daniel Foe, Scriblers of the Obſervator and Review.

For as the Times do change, they'll change their Face
Forſwear their Sex, their Age, their Name, and Race;
As by theſe Pictures you may plainly ſee,
He that was Man, a Woman ſeems to be,
As ſhe that did a Woman repreſent,
By Change into another Form is ſent.
We've ſome that one Day will be Frenchify'd,
Next Day their firſt Affection is deny'd,
And to the preſent State will be ſo civil,
To with the French and Lewis at the Devil,
Here ſome ſhall have a Harp and railing Touch
Againſt our firm Alliance with the Dutch;
Will ſwear that Anjou ſurely will keep Spain,
Then ſhortly will recant their Words again:
Some there ſhall praiſe the diſcontented Poles,
And ſay thoſe People are true-hearted Souls,
In ſtanding by Auguſtus all this while;
But ſince that Victry on the Swedes does ſmile,
Now partially they'll ſpeak, and will maintain
That Great Stanillaus only ought to Reign.
Which laſt Opinion I approve of well;
For ſince a Prince will Heaven change for Hell,
For his rebelling ſo againſt his God,
The Plagues or Battle ought to be his Rod,
To whip him home again to that ſame place
He baſely left for Scandal and Diſgrace;
For thoſe baſe Men who ſcarce a God believe,
And only pin their Faith upon their Sleeve,
To ſuch I lay no Puniſhment's too bad,
And good Men at their Ruin ſhould be glad.

Some folks the German Emperor will praiſe,
And crown his Wars in Hungary with Bays:
Nought but ill Words to Ragozi will afford,
'Cauſe he aſſerts his Freedom by the Sword;
Then ſoon againſt the Germans they'll exclaim,
And blaſt their Trophies with reproachful Shame.
Hermaphrodites the Turncoats do appear,
Nay, any thing they'll be for Intereſt here.
Juſt ſo one of Auguſta's C——es,
To Biſhop Ellis went upon their Knees,
And begg'd the Popiſh Prelate to relate
Their Zeal and Fervour for the preſent State;
But by their Actions ſince, to Turk or Jew,
To Pope or Devil they'll ſwear to be true.
So long as they for A——s can hold
A Patent, to encreaſe their ill-got Gold.
Thus two-fac'd Subjects, ſtock'd with Impudence,
With any Oaths for Intereſt will diſpence;
And let what King or Queen ſoever Reign,
Juſtice and Mercy they do uſe in vain,
To win their Hearts; for once their Heads are laid.
Nought but Contempt is to their Mem'ry paid.
But Heaven grant that ANNA long may live,
To whom (next under God) we really give
Our hearty Praiſes for that Happineſs
Which do's this Land with Peace and Plenty bleſs.

FINIS.

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